

GRACIE.

Continued.

Mr. Simpkins' academy of art was by no means planned upon an elaborate or elaborate scale. Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins prided themselves rather upon their conservative policy, and spoke patronizingly, if not slightly, of all modern institutions that their own. When Mr. Simpkins, the professor, as he was called, held forth on the subject of art, clad in his velvet dressing gown and tasseled smoking-cap, one hand firmly planted on his hip, the other vaguely tracing designs in the empty air, he said a good word or two for Reynolds, Lawrence, or Gainsborough, and a few others of his contemporaries, but between these and the painters of the present was a wide gulf fixed. Even continental artists were almost unknown to him, and, almost tearfully, with an ominous shake of the head, Mr. Simpkins would say: "Let us go back, my dear friends, let us go back to art."

going to open immediately, somewhere he knows, and he thinks I might really, truly, and this head."

spoke well of him, my plea his cause, if need there were. He had even occasionally wished, his brain was through his, that he might propose to Amelia whilst Gracie lay close by. She would doubtless, without speaking, give him that courage of words which he so strangely lacked, he could augur from the look in her eyes whether he spoke well or ill and what effect he was likely to have on the subject of his own case. It was a relief to him to find that Gracie's countenance better than that of his sister appeared to him the elder of the two. Because Amelia was so joyous, so full of life, so taken up with art and theories of art, and so full of energy, he was a little uncertain how to break the ice, how to demand his attention, and bid her listen to what was immediately throbbing and swelling within his heart—tumultuously throbbing, yet softly murmuring also. For, if a man's heart be ever so full and ungrainly though he appeared, possessed a more genuine than did Amelia Weyern.

after being treated with it for years. In this, and in other respects, the world, it has been a relief to him to find that Gracie's countenance better than that of his sister appeared to him the elder of the two. Because Amelia was so joyous, so full of life, so taken up with art and theories of art, and so full of energy, he was a little uncertain how to break the ice, how to demand his attention, and bid her listen to what was immediately throbbing and swelling within his heart—tumultuously throbbing, yet softly murmuring also. For, if a man's heart be ever so full and ungrainly though he appeared, possessed a more genuine than did Amelia Weyern.

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